

gentle undulations covered with fine forest and glorious woodland. Here we find hard sandstones, from which we get our hearthstones, softer sandstones from which "Fuller's Earth" is made (Sandgate Beds). These are called the greensands, and with them we get layers of clay. The thickest of these layers separating the upper and lower greensand is called gault. In these deposits, the fossils, we find, are much the same as in the chalk, as they were laid down in sea water, although shallow, instead of deep, but we find no ammonites, because they died out during this period. Beneath the greensands and gault, and still belonging to the chalk period, we get more sandy and clayey beds called the Wealden-strata, only differing from those above, because we can tell from their fossils that they were deposited in fresh water. Amongst them we get many remains of fir trees and ferns and fresh water shellfish. There are also beds of "ironstone," which were extensively mined and smelted before the coal and ironstones of the North were exploited. Let us take a walk through the picturesque scenery of the Ashdown Forest, a neighbourhood which should be doubly interesting to us, for here Charles Darwin studied Nature much. We start from the little wayside station of West Hoathly and walk across a breezy common, and through the beautiful forest to East Grinstead. We find quantities of heather and fern, two things which we never meet with on the chalk. We pass on our way one or two of the ponds which are so common in this neighbourhood. They are all artificial, having been made in order to carry on the iron smelting of former times, and they are all called "furnace ponds," or something similar, the furnaces having been of charcoal provided by the surrounding forest. The last furnace was blown out at "Ashburnham" in 1828. In Chichester Cathedral the doors of the Lady Chapel are of hammered ironwork, made from this charcoal-smelted iron. In these ponds we find abundance of water buttercup (*R. aquatilis*), with its two kinds of leaves, the much-dissected and submerged, which takes its form in order that the plant may obtain its nourishment from the water more easily, and the entire floating kind. It is remarkable that if a floating leaf becomes partly submerged, the submerged parts become dissected, showing an interesting transition stage. We shall also find many rushes and the water

plantain (*Alisma plantago*), the handsome arrowhead (*Sagittaria sagittifolia*), with its white unisexual flowers. Water lilies, too, grow in some of the ponds. A locally common, but elsewhere somewhat rare plant, is the grass-leaved vetch (*Lathyrus nissolia*), and at one part of the forest we may find an old Ambleside friend, the Stag's Horn Moss, a very rare treasure in these parts.

ETHEL M. HALL.

CHARLES LAMB.

Charles Lamb was born in 1775 in the Temple. In 1796 he came of age. He was at this time in love, and was unfortunately crossed in it. His essay on "Dream Children," a Reverie, refers to this period of his life, and his trouble so took hold upon him that for a time he became insane. In due course he recovered, but only, as it were, to become conscious of fresh trouble, for his sister, to whom he was much attached, became suddenly insane, killing her mother and injuring her father. She was of course removed from her home. When she recovered from the attack her brother, who had sorely missed her, and who could not bear the idea of her being always under restraint, begged that she might return to her home, and he would keep watch over her. In reading of this period of Lamb's life, one is moved to great admiration of him, for he voluntarily took upon himself a very difficult task.

It was not the performing of an uncongenial duty once and for all, but the doing of it day after day for years. In Lamb's case it meant endless sorrow in seeing a dearly-loved one so sadly afflicted, and ceaseless anxiety, not knowing when an outbreak might appear; and as time went on the attacks became more frequent, and each of longer duration than the last. Often he and his sister were driven from place to place, for those with whom they had lodged but a short time, hearing of the sad tragedy in their lives, would entertain objections against them, and Lamb and his sister would feel obliged to seek a fresh home, if such it could be

called. And here is shown great unselfishness on the part of Charles Lamb, for had he allowed his sister to be confined in a place of safety he could have settled down in life. Under these circumstances one would not have been surprised if Lamb had become morose and morbid, shunning the society of his fellow-men. But such was not the case; on the contrary, he was very cheerful and bright on the whole, taking a lively interest in all things round him, and only *once* breaking down, when he exclaimed to a friend in a fit of despondency that it would be better if his sister were dead. Tenderest affection as well as tastes and sympathies in common united the brother and sister. Prominent among such tastes was the love of Shakespeare and the Dramatic Literature of the Elizabethan Period. In 1807 Charles Lamb and his sister undertook to simplify Shakespeare's Plays for the benefit of young people; Lamb writing the tragedies and his sister the comedies.

Lamb did not shine as a dramatist. A dramatist writes objectively while he remains hidden himself. He indulges in a continuous representation of figures, recurring over and over again. Lamb, on the other hand, preferred a momentary and fleeting view; that is the reason of his success as an essay writer. Lamb was an Egoist; there is a very personal note running through some of his work, but it is not the egoism of a bore. One could not possibly be "bored" when reading the "Essays of Elia" for instance, though simple subjects are treated, *e.g.*, "The Dissertation on Roast Pig," one realizes that a master-hand has written these Essays. In speaking on such a subject as the above, Lamb is not speaking in a matter of fact way about "Roast Pig," only concerning himself with the mere facts, but with *his* own view of such, and consequently *our* ideas also, for he concludes that that which interests him must of course interest us. And one certainly does catch the wit and humour in them, and realize how keenly alive to the affairs of daily life Lamb must have been. Sun, sky, even fog, all natural objects, animals, domestic virtues, all combined in their influence over one of our most interesting writers—Charles Lamb.

M. L. H.

SIDE LIGHTS ON THE STUDENT.

II.—FROM A MAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

There were quite a score of them! I had come once more to the spot where, long ago, I had loved to look down on Windermere. I had meant to be alone with nature, or, if I thought of human company, I should only have desired the looming and fading, and fading and looming of the ghosts of the dear old posts of the lakes. But another fate beset me. I felt as if I had plunged into a swarm of bees. And they were so many; surely their hive must be near, and their keeper. Afterwards I learnt that Miss Mason was the bee-mistress, the House of Education the hive, and that these busy bodies were specimens of the inmates. I write as an impressionist. I am only concerned with these fair girls whom I saw entangled in the birchwood by the lake. One thing was certain: they were all alive. There was an air of conquest about them; not of the conquests which girls make. The world should be their oyster and they would open it; they were going to win. Half of them were seated—a touch too straight up to be graceful, a trifle too vigorous to be entrancing—on tufted knolls and gnarled roots, easels before them, pencils in vertical lines in front of their noses. They seemed inclined to make nature ashamed of herself in her present poor guise; their card-board would teach her what she ought to be. There was a sincerity and intensity of purpose in their mein indicating that no lack of thoroughness should mar their work; but they knew they would succeed, no cloud of coming failure shadowed their bright faces. The other half were literally bees flitting to and fro among the flowers, and coming, with their treasures, to the nature-mistress—herself not so very old a girl—to learn their names and classes and all the nature-science lore which the Princess Ida used to teach the ladies of her court. I did, by and bye, attempt to give my impressions a sort of setting by inquiring